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BY T. WESTWOOD.

Sumner's face is set around
With a rosy wreath,
Rose tints in her cheeks,
Sumner's smile is very fair,
And her soft eyes declare
Honeyed meanings, while her voice
Sings for you, "dear, dearest,"
And I bend my knees before her,
Singing ditties in her honor,
Heaping all my praise upon her:
Till—ah!—yes! I must avow,
When the hour comes she doth bow
At the sound of Time's death-knell,
I can say, Farewell—farewell!
With small weeping in my eyes,
And small sense of sacrifice.
I can see her waning slowly—
See her pass and vanish wholly,
Sighing not while Autumn weaves
Grave-robes of her withered leaves;
Nay, exulting when, anon,
To possess her vacant throne,
While the heaven grows black, and madly
Toss the bare boughs to and fro,
Winter cometh, shouting hoarsely, o'er the hill-
top through the snow!

He is come—he greets us there!
He and I will walk together:
I, beside my heart-friend's grave,
He, without, with his wild weather.
Pshaw! let ballad-mongers sing,
Harping on a worn-out string,
That old story, old and weary—
Of sad Sumner's withering:
Let them sing, with sour graces—
Mock tears rolling down their faces—
Of a daisy nipped untimely,
Or some other doleful thing!
Better, while I greet thee there,
Thou, without, with thy wild weather,
I, beside my heart-friend's grave,
Better, with, ye ballad-mongers,
Take it in its sober grace,
That no blessing e'er departeth,
But another takes its place.
Flowers are taken—out-door gladness—
Song and bloom, they both depart;
But by stress of Nature's sadness
Hearts draw nearer unto heart,
Clouds obscure the sky's sweet azure,
Feeble sunshine gleams through all,
All the brighter for upspringing!
With its sunshine, warm and true,
For the aspects changed and withered
Of the garden, glen and stream,
See the faces that are gathered
Round the yule-fire's merry gleam!
Kindly faces, cordial faces,
Hearty age and frolic youth—
Who would sigh for shrivelled daisies
Mid such joy as this, good sooth,
Who would say amid the laughter,
Harping on the old pretence,
God doth take the gladness from us
When he taketh Summer hence?
Who—bark!—old Winter shouteth
Till the woodland echoes ring—
Take this faith, thou ballad-monger,—pr'ythee
Snap that worn-out string!

Anecdotes of Wilkie.

Wilkie was not quick in perceiving a joke, although he was always anxious to do so, and to recollect humorous stories, of which he was exceedingly fond. As instances, I recollect, once, when we were staying at Mr. Wells', at Redleaf, one morning at breakfast, a very small puppy was running about under the table. "Dear me," said a lady, "how this creature teases me!" I took it up and put it into my breast-pocket. Mr. Wells said, "That is a pretty nose-poke." "Yes," said I, "it is a dog-rose." Wilkie's attention, sitting opposite, was called to his friend's pun; but all in vain—he could not be persuaded to see anything in it. I recollect trying once to explain to him, with the same want of success, Hogarth's joke in putting the sign of the woman without a head, ("The Good Woman,") under the window from whence the quarrelsome wife is throwing the dinner into the street.

Chantrey and Wilkie were dining alone with me, when the former, in his great kindness for Wilkie, ventured, as he said, to take him to task for his constant use of the word "relly," (really,) when listening to any conversation in which he was much interested. "Now, for instance," said Chantrey, "suppose I was giving you an account of any interesting matter, you would constantly say 'Relly'." "Relly!" exclaimed Wilkie immediately, with a look of the most perfect astonishment.

Another dinner scene of a different description, at Wilkie's house, is worthy of insertion. Mr. Collins's brother Francis possessed a remarkably retentive memory, which he was accustomed to use for the amusement of himself and others in the following way. He learnt by heart a whole number of one of Dr. Johnson's "Rambles," and used to cause considerable diversion to those in the secret, by repeating it all through to a new company in a conversational tone, as if it were the accidental product of his own fancy—now addressing his flow of moral eloquence to one astonished auditor and now to another. One day, when the two brothers were dining at Wilkie's, it was determined to try the experiment upon their host. After dinner, accordingly, Mr. Collins paved the way for the coming speech, by leading the conversation imperceptibly to the subject of the paper in the " Rambler." At the right moment, Francis Collins began. As the first grand Johnsonian sentences struck upon his ear, (uttered, it should be remembered, in the most elaborately careless and conversational manner,) Wilkie started at the high tone that the conversation had suddenly assumed, and looked vainly for explanation to his friend Collins, who, on his part, sat with his eyes respectfully fixed on his brother, all rapt attention to the eloquence that was dropping from his lips. Once or twice, with perfect mimicry of the conversational character he had assumed, Francis Collins introduced, recurrently, and paused, as if collecting his thronging ideas. At one or two of these intervals Wilkie endeavored to speak, to ask a moment for consideration; but the torrent of his guest's eloquence was not to be delayed—it was too rapid to stay for his man—away it went like Mr. Shandy's oratory before "My Uncle Toby"—until at last it reached its destined close; and then Wilkie, who, as host, thought it his duty to break silence by the first compliment, exclaimed with the most perfect unconsciousness of the trick that had been played him, "Aye, aye, Mr. Francis, verily clever—(though I did not understand it all)—verily clever!"

His friends relate of him that he could draw before he could write. He recollected this himself, and spoke to me of an old woman, who had in her cottage near his father's manse a clean scoured wooden stool, on which she used to allow him to draw with a coarse carpenter's pencil, and then scrub it out to be ready for another day. When Lord Mulgrave's pictures were sold at Christie's, Wilkie waited in the neighborhood, whilst I attended the sale. It was quite refreshing to see his joy when I returned with a list of prices. The sketches produced more than five hundred per cent.—the pictures three hundred. I recollect one—a small, early picture, called "Sunday Morning"—I asked Wilkie what he thought of it fetching, as it did, a hundred and ten pounds, and whether Lord Mulgrave had not got it cheap enough? "Why, he gave me fifteen pounds for it!" When I

expressed my surprise that he should have given so small a sum for so clever a work, Wilkie, defending him, said: "Ah, but consider, as I was not known at that time, it was a great risk!"

A Scotch joke by the late Dr. Chalmers will not, perhaps, be unacceptable after this to many of our readers.

Dr. Chalmers was asked by Wilkie, whether Principal Baird would preach before the King. (Now, Principal Baird has a sad habit of crying in the pulpit.) "Why," said Chalmers, "if he does, it will be George Baird to George Rex, greeting!"

Here is a short notice by Collins, in a letter to Mr. Leslie, of G. S. Newton, the American painter:

"Of his genius as a painter I can speak with the highest admiration. Taste, that undefinable natural gift, pervaded everything he did. His conception of a subject was always judicious; his feeling for character and expression so nice, that he never degenerated into mannerism, or caricature. His *chiaroscuro* was conducted with great breadth, and was always in unison with the sentiment he desired to convey; and, above all, his talent as a colorist was unexceptionable; not only as respected the general arrangement of color and tone, but in the happy choice and delicate contrast of his local colors and broken tints. In some of his female figures the flesh seemed to be an union of the beauties of Vandeyke and Watteau—witness his 'Jessica,' especially. The 'Portia and Bassanio,' I saw a short time ago, with our friend Wilkie, in the collection of Mr. Sheepshanks; and we were much struck with the beauty of its tone, and its other high qualities. I know no one more sensible of poor Newton's merits than Wilkie, whose great sincerity and sound judgment, you will agree with me, render his praise truly valuable."

Of another American painter, Washington, Allston, we have the following account in a letter to Dana the American:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Allston began in 1814. I was introduced to him by my friend Leslie, and from that moment, until he left England for America, I saw more of him than of almost any other friend I had. Every time I was in his company, my admiration of his character, and my high estimation of his mind and acquirements, as well as of his great genius as a painter, increased; and the affectionate kindness he showed to my mother and my brother, upon his frequent visits to our abode, so completely cemented the bond of union, that I always considered him as one of our family. Alas! that family, with the exception of your correspondent, are now no more seen! It was in the year 1817 that I accompanied Allston and Leslie to Paris, where we benefited much by having Allston for our guide, as being the only one of the party who had visited that city before. During our stay of about six weeks, Allston made a beautiful copy in the Louvre, of the celebrated 'Marriage at Cana,' by Paul Veronese. As Leslie had professional employment at Paris, he remained there, and we returned together to London. During this visit I had of course the very best opportunities of becoming acquainted with my friend's real character, which, in every new view I took of it, became more satisfactory. The sweetness and subdued cheerfulness of his temper under the various little inconveniences of our journey, his much to be admired; and his great reverence for sacred things, and the entire purity and innocence of his conversation, (coupled, as it was, with power of intellect and imagination,) I never saw surpassed."

The first picture I saw of Allston's was the "Dead Man restored by touching the Bones of Elisha," exhibited at the British Gallery, in 1814. He received the two hundred pounds premium for his exertions. In 1819 he exhibited at the Royal Academy his exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream." After this he never sent a picture to the Academy, which all regretted, as it was the wish of the body to see him a Royal Academician; which, unless he exhibited and returned to England, was not possible according to our laws. I will mention an anecdote of him which it is probable he may have told you. Some years after Allston had acquired a considerable reputation as a painter, a friend showed him a miniature, and begged he would give his sincere opinion upon its merits, as the young man who drew it had some thoughts of becoming a painter by profession. Allston after much pressing, and declining to give an opinion, candidly told the gentleman he feared the lad would never do anything as a painter; and advised his following some more congenial pursuit. His friend then convinced him that the work had been done by Allston himself, for this very gentleman, when Allston was very young!—*Memoirs of William Collins, R. A.*

The Story of Saint Veronica.

It is an ancient tradition that when our Saviour was on his way to Calvary, bearing the cross, he passed by the door of a compassionate woman, who, beholding the drops of agony on his brow, wiped his face with a napkin, or, as others say, with her veil, and the features of Christ remained miraculously impressed upon the linen. To this image was given the name of *Veronica*, the true image, and the cloth itself was styled the *Sudarium*, (Ital. *Il Sudario*; Fr. *Le Saint Suaire*.) All the stories relative to the sudarium belong properly to the legends of Christ: I shall therefore only observe here, that the name given to the image was insensitively transferred to the woman of whom the legend is related. The active imagination of the people invented a story for her, according to which she was Veronica, or Berenice, the niece of King Herod, being the daughter of his sister Salome, who had been devoted to the pomps and vanities of the world, but, on witnessing the suffering and meekness of the Saviour, was suddenly converted. The miraculous power of the sacred image impressed upon her napkin being universally recognised, she was sent for by the Emperor Tiberius to cure him of a mortal malady. But the wicked Emperor having already breathed his last, she remained at Rome in company with St. Peter and St. Paul, until she suffered martyrdom under Nero; or, according to another legend, she came to Europe in the same vessel with Lazarus and Mary Magdalene, and suffered martyrdom at the same place. I think it unnecessary to enter further into these legends, which have been rejected by the Church since the 11th century. But the memory of the compassionate woman, and the legend of the miraculous image, continue to be blended in the imaginations of the people. In the ancient pictures of the procession to Calvary, St. Veronica is seldom omitted.—*Mrs. Jameson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art.*

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.

Anecdotes of Theodore Hook.

The title of one of Mr. Matthew's pieces "Earth, Air and Water," gave rise, according to Theodore Hook, to a somewhat curious blunder. He despatched one evening a clever and ingenious Scotch acquaintance with the newspaper orders to the Lyceum; and on the following morning asked his opinion of the performance. The gentleman said that it was rather comical upon the whole, but that there was a little too much matter of fact about it, and that as for fun he did not think quite so much was made of it as might have been. Hook asked if the rest of the audience laughed; he said not much, but this he attributed to there being but few people in the house. "Well, but," said the editor, "surely you liked the songs—did you not think Mathews a very droll person?" The gentleman replied that there were no songs, and that he did not think Mathews so very droll; he had a good deal of quiet humor certainly, and an admirable delivery; he had never seen a more gentlemanly man in his life, bating that, perhaps, he was a little too fat. Hook was completely puzzled—a dull entertainment, no songs, a thin house, and a fat performer!—it was past comprehension, till a reference to the play-bill showed that his Scotch friend, having visited the theatre on the Wednesday, had been listening unsuspiciously to Mr. Bartley's Lecture on the Structure of the Universe, which was delivered on the alternate nights, and which he was quite convinced was no other than the celebrated representation of the great humorist.

A Mr. R—, a wine-merchant, was very intimate with Fauntleroy, and with a few friends was in the habit of dining with him frequently. On these occasions, when the party was not too large, the host would produce some very choice old Lunelle wine, of which R— was exceedingly fond, but Fauntleroy could never be prevailed upon to say where he got it or how it could be obtained. When the latter was under sentence of death, his old associates visited him repeatedly, and at their last interview, the night before his execution, R—, after having bid him farewell with the rest, on a sudden paused in the prison passage, returned to the cell, and said in a low voice to the criminal, "You'll pardon my pressing the subject, but now, at all events, my dear friend, you can have no objection to tell me where I can get some of that Lunelle."—*Life and Remains of Hook.*

Two Scriptural Quips.

Mr. Ward was much pleased with the verses, saying that they would do honor to any Writer. Rebecca thought the lines concerning the long grace at meat happy, and said she was minded of the Wife of the good Mr. Ames, who prided herself on her skill in Housewifery and Cookery; and on one occasion, seeing a nice pair of roasted Fowls growing cold under her husband's long grace, was fain to jog his Elbow, telling him that if he did not stop soon, she feared they would have small occasion for thankfulness for their spoiled dinner. Mr. Ward said he was once traveling in company with Mr. Phillips, of Rowley, and Mr. Parker of Newbury, and stopping all night at a poor house near the Sea shore, the Woman thereof brought into the room for their supper a great wooden Tray, full of something nicely covered up by a clean linen cloth. It proved to be a dish of boiled Clams, in their shells; and as Mr. Phillips was remarkable in his thanks for aply cly passages of Scripture with regard to *William's* food was upon the table before him, Mr. Parker and himself did greatly wonder what he could say to this Dish; but he, nothing put to it, offered thanks that now, as formerly, the Lord's people were enabled to partake of the abundance of the seas, and treasures hid in the sands. "Whereat," said Mr. Ward, "we did find it so hard to keep grave countenances, that our good hostess was not a little disturbed, thinking we were mocking her poor Fare; and we were fain to tell her the cause of our Mirth, which was indeed ill-timed."

Mr. Saltonstall told another story of old Mr. Ward, which made us all merry.—There was a noted Antinomian of Boston, who used to go much about the country disputing with all who would listen to him, who, coming to Ipswich one night with another of his sort with him, would fain have tarried with Mr. Ward, but he told them that he had scarce Hay and Grain enough in his Barn for the use of his own Cattel, and that they would do well to take their horses to the Ordinary, where they could be better cared for. But the Fellow not wishing to be so put off, bade him consider what the Scripture said touching the keeping of strangers, as some had there by entertained Angels unaware. "True," my friend, said Mr. Ward, "but we don't read that the Angels came a horseback!"—*Leaves from "Margaret Smith's Journal," by John G. Whittier.*

The Seven Sleepers.

The story of the Seven Sleepers is the most romantic of the legends of the church. It is as follows:—When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain, where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured by a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged, without interrupting the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolus, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. Soon after rising from their sleep, which they thought had lasted only a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger, and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of himself and his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that appellation, could no longer recognise the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a pagan tyrant. The Bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrate, the people and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who related their story, bestowed their benediction, and at the same instant peacefully expired!—*Mrs. Jameson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art.*

Summer Reflections.

August ye 10th.—"I find the Summer here greetful unlike that of mine own Country. The heat is grate, the Sun shining verie strong and bright, and for more than a Month it hath been exceeding dry, without any considerable fall of Rain, soe that the Springs fall in many places, and the Watercourses are forced by the drought to consume them. 'What time they waxe warme they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The Paths of their Way are turned aside; they goe to nothing and perish.' The herbage and grass have lost much of the brightness which they did wear in the earlie Summer; moreover, there be fewer Flowers to be seen. The Fields and Roads are dustie, and all things doe seem to faint and waste, old under the intolerable Sun. Great Locusts sing sharp in the hedges and bushes, and Grasshoppers flie up in clouds, as it were, when one walks over the dry grass which they feed upon, and at nightfall Mosketoes are no small torment. Whenever I doe look forth at noonday, at which time the air is all a-glow, with a certain gummy and dazle like that from an hot Furnace, and see the poor fire-bitten Cattel whisking their tayles to keep off the venomous insects, or standing in the Water of the low grounds for coolness, and the panting Sheep lying under the shade of Trees, I must needs call to mind the Summer season of Old England, the cool sea aire, the soft dropping Showers, the Fields so thick with Grasses, and skited with hedge-rows like green walls, the Trees and Shrubs all clean and moist, and the Vines and Creepers hanging over walls and gateways, verie plenteous and beautiful to behold. Ah! me! often in these days I think of Hilton Grange, with its great Oaks, and cool breezy Hills and Meadows greene the Summer long. I shut mine eyes, and lo! it is all before me like a picture; I see mine uncle's grey hairs beneath the Trees, and my good Aunt standeth in the doorway, and Cousin Oliver comes up in his field dress, from the Croft or the Mill; I can hear his merrie laugh, and the sound of his Horse's hoofs ringing along the gravel way. Our sweet Chaucer telleth of a Mirrour in the past Life; that magical Mirrour is no fable, for in the memorie of love old things doe returne and shewe themselves as features doe in the Glass, with a perfect and most beguiling likeness."—*Leaves from "Margaret Smith's Journal," by John G. Whittier.*

The German House.—The bend of marriage a sacred and symbolic engagement; holy above man was woman herself. Even in the depths of their forests the stern had assigned to him a station which nothing but that deep feeling could have rendered possible; this was the sacred sex, believed to be in nearer communion with divinity than men. In the superstitious tradition of their mythology, it was the young and beautiful Sheldrains, the maiden Nellys, who selected the champions of Woden. The matrons presided over the rites of religion, conducted divination, and encouraged the warriors on the field of battle; Veledas and Aurinas, prophetesses in the bloom of youth and beauty, led the raw levies of the north to triumph over the veteran legions of Rome. Neither rank nor wealth could stone for isolated chastity; nor were, in general, any injuries more severely punished than those which the main strength of man enabled him to inflict on woman. That woman, nevertheless, in the family, held subordinate situation to man, lies the nature of the family itself, and in the disposition and qualities which have been implanted in woman, to enable her to fulfil her appointed duties in the scheme of Providence—qualities not different in degree, but kind, from those of her helpmate, they may be the complement of his, and united with his, make up the full and perfect circle of humanity. As an individual, woman, was considered a being of a higher nature; as a member of the state, she was necessarily represented by him upon whom nature had imposed the joyful burden of her support, and the happy duty of her protection—a principle too little considered by those who, with a scarcely pardonable offence, scolded, have clamored for what they call the rights of woman.

"Woman among the Teutons was near akin to divinity, but not one among them ever eyed that *femme libre* could be woman.—*The Saxons in England, by John Mitchell Kemble.*

Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes of baffled, and men fail in their schemes not so much for the want of strength, as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop by continued falling bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A Fly's Speed.—By a fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race horse clearing his mile a minute to the speed of a fly cutting through a third of the same distance in the same time? And what the speed of our stamming giants, the grand pufflers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers, of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may even follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight as friendly offerings.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

To Alfred Tennyson, after Meeting him for the First Time.

BY BARTLEY COLCLOUGH.

Long have I known thee as thou art in song,
And long enjoyed the perfume that exhaled
From thy pure soul, and odor sweet entailed
And permanence, on thoughts that float along
The stream of life, to join the passive throng
Of shades and echoes that are memory's being;
Heating we heat not, and we see not seeing,
If passion, fancy, faith, move not among
The never-present moments of reflection.
Long have I viewed thee in the crystal sphere
Of verse, that like the beryl mine appear
Visions of hope, begot of recollection.
Knowing thee now, a real earth-treading man,
Not less I love thee, and not more I can.

Correction may reform negligent boys, but not amend those who are insensibly dull. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it.—*Fuller.*

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.—*Johnson.*

The Indispensable Element in any Great Human Character.

But—sir—political eminence and professional fame fade away and die with this century. Nothing of character is really permanent, but virtue and personal excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life, it points to another world. Political or professional fame cannot last forever, but a conscience free from God and man, is an avoid of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe—in such terse, so terrific manner—as "living without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far away, from the purposes of his creation.

Such, Mr. Chief Justice, was the life, and such the death of JEREMIAH MASON. For one I would pour out my heart like water, I would balm his memory in my best affections. His friendship, so long continued, I esteem one of the greatest blessings of my life; and I hope that it may be known hereafter, that—without intermission or coolness—for so long a period, Mr. Mason and myself were friends.

He died in old age; not by a violent stroke from the hand of death, but by a sudden rupture of the ties of nature, but by a gradual wearing out of life. He enjoyed the life, indeed, remarkable health.—He took competent exercise, loved the open air, and avoiding all extreme theories or practices, controlled his conduct and practice of life by the rules of prudence and moderation. His death was, therefore, not unlike that described by the Angel admonishing Adam:—

"Yield it just, said Adam, and submit,
But there is yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our conatural dust!"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou wilt observe
The rule of 'not eat' and 'drink'; by temperance
taught."

In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from
thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
Till many years over thy head return.
So may'st thou live; till, like ripe fruit, thou
drop

Into thy mother's lap; or, with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked; for death mature,
This is old age.

Daniel Webster's remarks on the death
of the late Jeremiah Mason.

A Swarm of Locusts.

Speaking of natural exhibitions, a fall of locusts is, beyond all comparison, the most awful I have ever seen; and I may be excused for digressing from the immediate thread of my narrative to give my readers some account of that dreadful scourge, which is considered in eastern and southern countries the most unfailing manifestation of the wrath of God. Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. These creatures fell in thousands and tens of thousands around us, and upon us, along the sands on which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet; yet we were removed from their most oppressive influence; for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great innumerable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great, that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm, that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, bewildered by this worst of Egyptian plagues, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honors of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while, farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, hest set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavored to avert by so frightful a remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column, throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence.—*Lord Carnarvon's "Portugal and Galicia."*

By a fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race horse clearing his mile a minute to the speed of a fly cutting through a third of the same distance in the same time? And what the speed of our stamming giants, the grand pufflers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers, of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may even follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight as friendly offerings.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

Smooth and cheerful of aspect are the familiarities of daily life, but who can mistake their roving glances for the steadfast, fearful, unfathomable eyes of friendship. There was an everlasting truth in the words of that woman, who, when asked why her love and interest clung so closely, so obstinately, so unceasingly around one whom she world neglected, and who perchance deserved its neglect, said, for all answers, "I have wept with him." And who questions the eternity of a tie thus cemented? We are joined together as by nails, which can be extracted without shivering the wood they have penetrated.

Doing Good.—In doing good, more good is always discovered requiring to be done, and this is the reward of doing it. "Alps upon Alps arise," and a life thus devoted becomes sublime, as it approaches His who went about doing good. What the expression, "God said let there be light and there was light," is in reference to the sublime of creation, the phrase "He went about doing good" is in regard to the moral regeneration of mankind.—*New British Review.*

Moral Sensations.—With many persons the early age of life is passed in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing these vices, and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds. *D'Argonne.*

The two extremes of society, civilised and barbarous, are here brought together in one common habit. See, in the West Indies, the French planter *gourmand* (and sometimes the English, as his copyist,) seated at his luxurious table, oiling the hinges of his worn-out appetite with those lumps of insect fatness known as the grubs of the Palm Weevil; and then turn to the poor degraded Hotentot, squatting on the arid ground, swallowing, by handfuls, White Ants roasted, washed down by Locust soup, or just as often, too hungry or too indolent to dress them, devouring the uncooked insects. But, after all, none can pronounce these *Acridophagi* or Locust-eaters, as monsters of singularity in their mode of diet. Was not the Locust after its kind expressly allowed for food by the Mosaic Law; and from the time of its institution even to the present, does not the law of Nature, ever kind and provident, permit this insect scourge of humanity to be converted into a medium of supporting human life? Since in all countries a prey to their ravages, Syria, Arabia, Persia, Ethiopia, Egypt and Barbary, locusts are still an article of provision, in more or less extensive use. And from what but prejudice arises our disgust at Insect-feeding? Our king Jamie, of pedantic memory, was said to have pronounced him 'a vera valiant man' who first adventured on eating oysters, and truly we opine that he must have been quite as much a hero in his way, as the dweller in Sorinam or the Mauritius, who first engulfed a fat Palm Weevil grub.—Why should the Frenchman, wiping his mouth after Snail soup, laugh at the Chinaman smacking his lips after a dish of Silk-worm chrysalides; Shrimp-eaters as we are, why should we stare at the locust-feeding Ethiop or Arab, and why should he who has supped off roasted crabs despise a New Caledonian for seasoning his breakfast with a relish of roasted Spiders? Instead of thanking our stars for our own discrimination, let us, then, rather thank Providence for that omnivorous appetite common to our race. Herein let us recognise a distinguished provision by which our brother man, when located in barren lands, or overtaken by accidental scarcity, is enabled to draw supplies from almost every department of nature. We only marvel that Gastronomy (then whom even necessity herself can scarcely boast a more numerous progeny of inventions and resources) should not, in the demand of her votaries for new modes, have been led to seek more frequently for new material out of the Insect Kingdom. This, however, may be reserved for some future time. Cockchafers and chaffer grubs may yet become articles for the London spring-market, and Pates de Sauterelles may yet have a place in second courses. The idea is not Utopian, neither is it new; for Dr. Darwin long ago recommended the former as a delicate addition to the list of entremets, and the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, who himself dared to venture on the thing unknown, pronounced the large Green Grasshopper to be excellent. And why not? Full of sweet vegetable juices, fresh imbibed, and in some cases, as in Aphides, scarcely altered, wherefore should abhorrence and disgust, and that forthwith, by coarse shamble-fed animals living upon stall-fed oxen and sty-fed swine.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

This life of ours is sorrowful enough at its best estate; the brightest phase of it is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of the future or the past. But it is the special vocation of the Doctor to look only upon the shadow—to turn away from the house of feasting, and go down to that of mourning—to breathe day after day the atmosphere of wretchedness—to grow familiar with suffering—to look upon humanity robbed of its pride and glory, robbed of all its fictitious ornaments—weak, helpless, naked—and undergoing the last fearful metamorphosis from its erect and god-like image, the living temple of an enshrined divinity, to the loathsome clod and inanimate dust. Of what ghastly secrets of moral and physical disease is he the depository.—*Whittier.*

Scarcity of Young Celebrities.—It is rather curious at first, to see unfamiliar with the artistic world, to see how little youth is to be met with amongst the celebrities. Our young poets are middle-aged men; our rising authors are bald; our distinguished painters are passing into the "sere and yellow leaf;" our very young Englishmen are getting gray and puffy.—The truth is, life is short, and art is long; and although a privileged man does some times, in the ardor of youth, reach the summit of reputation by a bound, either from the prodigal richness of his genius, or from having hit the favor of the moment, yet, as a general rule, celebrity is slowly gained, and not without many years of toilsome effort.—*Leves.*

A Fable.—Once upon a time, a man, somewhat in drink belike, raised a dreadful outcry at the corner of the marketplace. "That the world was turned topsy-turvy; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet upmost; that the houses and earth at large (if they did not mind it) would fall into the sky; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the devil." As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently; nay, at last began obfuring, foaming, imprecating; when a good-natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches, and softly inverting his position, set him down—on his feet.—The which upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little. "Hal! deuce take it!" cried he, rubbing his eyes, "So it was not the world that was hanging by its feet, then, but I that was standing on my head!" Censor, Castigator Morum, Radical Reformer, by whatever name thou art called, have a care; especially if thou art getting loud!—*Carlyle.*

Intolerance.—Intolerance should never hold in fettered distance the divine privilege of thought; faith, the primeval cord that binds man in holy union with his Creator, should soar to its fountain of light, untrammelled by the dismal influence of an unlettered bigotry. The spell of an earthly image ceases to manacle the will, or render it subservient to the dictum of an emperor or the fiat of a pope. Civilisation, in her theme of lettered intelligence, contemns the frequent and debasing appeals once made aloud to passion, but reposes for security upon the more gentle dictates of a wise humanity.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

Confession.—Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you have more sense than you had before to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; and more grace to correct it.—*Seed.*

A cripple in the way, out-travels a stout man or a post out of the way.—*Ben Jonson.*

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would furnish the apartments.—*Gray's Letters.*

From the Cottage Garden.
Yesterday.
BY CHARLES WILKINSON.
I see it now, through bygone years,
As plainly as of yore,
Though grief and age have worn the page
And stained its traces o'er,
That fair home of boyhood's time,
When the world was pure and gay,
Comes sweeping back o'er memory's track
As fresh as yesterday.

I see again the well-known scene—
I tread the path anew
Where lily, rose, and ginseng,
Conspiring fragrance there,
You cannot say I'm weak and old,
Or that my looks are gray—
I'm hale and young—I stand among
The scenes of yesterday!

Thou're revenged, old, and halloved out,
I hail thee once again!
The stately wave thy branches gave
Is solemn now as then,
When underneath thy chamed shade
We sought the hours away,
Nor thought too bright the dream a made
In sunny yesterday!

Thou'st creeping vine, that lov'st to twine
Around the cottage eave,
And weave thy slender, netty arms
My chamber lattice o'er—
I've clambered little hands for ginseng,
And thought no vine so gay,
As the vine that clustered fruits for me
In childhood's yesterday!

Ye tinted flowers of varied hue,
That fringe the walks along—
Ye modest plants that hide from view
Amidst the blooming throng—
I'm bounding down your garden slope
With my long-forgotten "Hurra!"
I'm shouting loud the song of Hope
You taught me yesterday